

TO
The Memory
OF
EDWARD RUSSEL
Late Earl of ORFORD,
From His Character by *Anthony Hammond, Esq;*
An ESSAY.

O Patriæ Decus!



L O N D O N:
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TO

The Mayor

EDWARD RUSSELL

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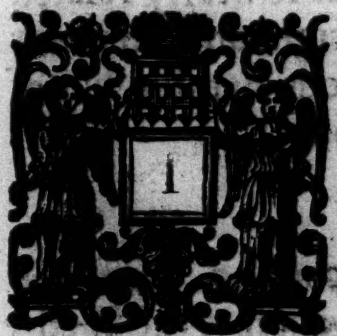
LONDON

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TO
His GRACE
THE
Duke of BEDFORD.

My LORD,



Humbly beg Leave to
present to your Grace
the following Essay to
the Memory of the late
Great, Noble, most ac-
complished, and ever,
with the Highest Ho-
nour, to be remembered Patriot, and victo-
rious Hero, EDWARD RUSSEL
EARL OF ORFORD.

YOUR Grace will perceive, in this Character, a Numeration of such extraordinary, such matchless Virtues, as might, perhaps, transcend Belief, and seem the Effects of partial Adulation, were they not known to be truly inherent in the Hero for whose Pourtrait they were delineated; and that the Gentleman who traced them had not only the Honour to be well acquainted with the Great Exemplar, but known also to be as incapable of offering such nauseous Incense, as he, were he alive, would be of receiving it: And therefore I have just Reason to flatter my self, this Performance may presume to hope no unfavourable Acceptance, since the great Personage, whom it attempts to celebrate, was so nearly related to your Grace, and so bright an Ornament not only of your illustrious Family, but of the whole *British* Nation.

YOUR Grace is coming into the World with all the Advantages of Birth, Fortune, and other valuable Qualities, which must, undoubtedly, render you capable of appearing in the Highest Eminence

nence of Glory, and shining as illustrious in your Sphere, as, in his, the unparalleled *Earl of Orford*. Whoever will look for the best of Masters, the kindest of Landlords, the greatest and most beneficent Patron of a most generous, extensive, and truly noble Hospitality, need go no farther than the **DUKE OF BEDFORD**.

IT is true, My Lord, these may be said to be only private Virtues, but then they are such as make their Possessors infinitely more glorious than all the Glare, and Pomp of Victory, of Battles won, of the strongest Citadels and Fortresses subdued, in the noisy Camps of *Bellona*; and in these alone are found the solid Interest of Mankind.

ADD to all this your Grace's uncommon Love of History and Letters, of which few, very few, in this degenerate Age, know the usefulness and high Value. This insensibly leads you to look kindly on the Muses, whose peculiar Province it
is

is to celebrate the Actions of the truly Great and Noble, and transmit their Names with Honour to latest Posterity. These in all Ages of the World have been cherished by the wisest and best of Men, since without their sacred Numbers the Heroes of Antiquity had been unknown, and who now shine with such unintermitting Coruscations in the Meridian of Glory. And, indeed, nothing can discover so sterile and impoverish'd a Taste, for Soul it can scarce be called, as to disdain what are the Productions of the Sons, and favourite Subjects of the God of Wisdom.

VOUCHSAFE therefore, my Lord, with an Aspect of Benignity, to accept this humble Tribute to your Name and Grandeur. May you live long and happy; may you shine the foremost amongst our Patriots in all princely Virtues; may you inherit the rich Qualities of your Grace's late most noble Father, who had so great a Value for Literature, and whose Name, to this Day, is mentioned with the highest Honour by the politest, and most sublime Genii of that superb City, which

(vii)

which once justly boasted herself the
Mistress of all Human Learning, and the
Empress of the World. I am with Sentiments of the profoundest Veneration,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful,

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

April 12,
1731.

Robert Samber.

Advertisement.

THE Character of the late **EARL OF ORFORD**, by Mr. Hammond, is in *The Present State* of the Republick of Letters, for October 1730. Vol. 6. Article 26. Page 255. Printed for William Innys on the West Side of St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1730.



TO
The Memory
OF
EDWARD RUSSEL
Late Earl of ORFORD.



HE bold Attempt, and vain, perhaps,
Essay
To sound thy Glories, and thy Worth
display,
Though my weak Plume, thy Merits far transcend,
But, what we must admire, we'd fain commend,
Forgive, Great Shade! who blest, dost now repose
In Peace, Reward for Deeds thy Virtues chose.

B

Thy

Thy Virtues, *ORFORD*, which shall ever shine
 Till the Muse dies; while Harmony divine
 Subsists in Song; Music's rich Numbers flow,
 And Human Minds distinct Ideas know
 Of what to Heights sublime, the Soul should raise,
 What claim their Hatred; what command
 their Praise.

HEAR me, *Urania*, whose Celestial Airs
 Delight the Gods, and tune the moving Spheres
 'T' immortal Symphony; or what e'er Muse
 On God-like Subjects, Bards are wont to choose
 By Invocation; breathe your sacred Fire,
 Exalt my Song, and guide th' advent'rous Lyre;
 That, what they ought to know, Men hence may
 learn

And, the pure *Oar*, from glittering *Drofs*, discern,
 Sevring the whole by *Strong*, Celestial, *Dew*;
 Till all the Bullion Gold, appears to view,

YE noble Personages all, whoe'er
 The Name of *RUSSEL*, either wore, or wear,
 With thee, O *BEDFORD*! Prince of all the Line,
 Who do'st, with Beams of highest Glory, shine;
 And, like Immortal *Phabus*, God of Day,
 Reliev'st impoverish'd Worlds with bounteous Ray,

For,

For, great the Truth by Wisdom understood,
 The Sun and *Bedford*, rise for human Good;
 And ye, who now, under supreme Command,
 Well guiding Power Marine, secure the Land,
 BRITANNIA's Bulwark, Terror to her Foes,
 Whence, all her Grandeur, all her Glories, rose,
 Of an impartial Muse, accept, th' Essays
 Sacred to ORFORD's Memory, and Praise.
 Illustrious Subject! whom three Realms could boast,
 But whom, too soon, his Country, hapless, lost!
 To speak whose Actions, might demand a Tongue
 Like those which ROME or GREECE's
 Heroes, sung;
 Worthy of *Virgil*'s never-dying Lines,
 Where, pompous Verse, in nervous Numbers, shines;
 Or *Pindar*'s strong, inimitable, Strains;
 Where, strenuous Sense, in rapid Cadence, reigns.
 Great the Attempt; but, if, in vain, I fly;
 Or chance to fall; 'tis great, at least to try.

FROM noble Ancestry, in Glory's Fane,
 Whose full Pourtray, the immortal Roofs explain;
 Whose Deeds, in radiant Volumes deep inroll'd,
 Rich Domes contain in monumental Gold;
 And Ages past in long Succession knew,
 His Birth, and vital Blood the Patriot drew.

And more than this, if more could be beside,
 To many an ancient noble House ally'd
 By Consanguinity's collat'ral Ties,
 Whence num'rous Relatives of Essence rise.
 But this Preheminnence of Birth and Blood,
 Great in its self and valuably good
 By an intrinick Virtue was sustain'd,
 And by that Ray, with Beams augmented, reign'd:
 United thus, from these, resulting sprung
 Early Authority of Mien and Tongue;
 Which but he valued, as it rais'd his Breast
 To apter Virtue, God-like Warmth impress'd,
 And fir'd the Energy of just Command,
 To serve successfully his native Land.

BUT if high Birth and Virtue claim a Share;
 No less his Person asks the Muse's Care;
 If Numbers can such Excellence define,
 Where, Grace and Beauty mix'd, divinely shine;
 That *Grace*, that *Beauty*, which so just appears
 To life peculiar, in its station'd Years,
 For these, he full possess'd, in every Stage;
 In Youth, in Manhood, in declining Age,
 Belov'd; admir'd; rever'd. Surpass'd by none
 In old, or modern, Days; by One alone
 Perhaps compeer'd. For, if we Faith afford
 To what is said, when ROME's Imperial Lord

AUGUSTUS

AUGUSTUS rul'd the World; in him were
seen

Such Grace, such Beauty; such peculiar Mien
Of God-like Presence; this illustrious Doom
Had *Britain's* Worthy, and the Chief of *Rome's*

A L L these rich Gifts, of Nature's Store refin'd
A firm and healthful Constitution join'd:

Which, always, Temperance exact, restrain'd;

Rul'd, and protect'd; govern'd, and sustain'd.

In Execution of the greatest Schemes,

In all Events of arduous Extremes,

This gave him Strength, and Vigour to proceed,

Howe'er so formidably rude the Deed;

How full of Hardship; the enjoyn'd Affair,

How imminently great, the Dangers were.

And, as th' Emergence of the Times requir'd,

Through a long Course of active Life, inspir'd

Uncommon Power, inflexible Address,

Dispatching all its Branches, with Success,

And an unwearied Attitude of Mind,

In needful Bus'ness of whatever Kind.

No Mid-day *Phabus*, Centre of the Spheres,

When in his Zenith, 'twixt the two Barrieres,

Who all Things sees, him ever once survey'd,

HYGEIA smiling, couchant on his Bed.

The

The wakeful Hero, would, continual, rise
 Soon as th' aspiring Lark explor'd the Skies;
 Soon as *Aurora* introduc'd the Day,
 Painting, the Orient Climes, with Matin Ray;
 And when the Regent Goddess of the Night
 Presided, with her Orbs immense of Light,
 No Days Excess could his Repose molest,
 'Twas one, continued, Scene of quiet Rest.

FROM Native Courage, and intrepid Mind,
 In Sea-Affairs with perfect Science joyn'd,
 And unexampled Sense, so just, so wise,
 Did the firm Basis of his Greatness rise.
 Should we th' accomplish'd Admiral compare
 To a stout, true-built *British* Man of War,
 Form'd wellt' engage, to traverse well the Seas,
 Seamen the Parallel could not displease;
 Since none, yet ever could, to do him right,
 Better, than *Orford*, fail; than *Orford*, fight.

MORE of the Naval Bus'ness no one knew
 Inspection clearer, or profounder view,
 Or was more skilful in the Builders Art,
 Throughout its whole Detail in every Part;
 Not those commission'd, careful to survey
 The future floating Castles of the Sea.
 In every Kind, and Function, thus complete
 Great, in the Theory; in Practice, great;

No Mortal Genius, ever yet, was known
 Nobler improv'd in Conduct than his own ;
 Or could, the formidable Line, compose ;
 Speak, in fierce Lightning, to *BRITANNIA*'s
 Foes ;

In nitrous Fire, loud fulminate, like *JOVE*,
 And, with *her* Thunders, rival *his* above ;
 To conquest lead, victorious Trophies raise,
 And ride triumphant, on the vanquish'd Seas,

SUCH a peculiar Spirit of Command
 As knew no Passion, yet express'd the *Grand*
 In him, as in its Orb, superior reign'd,
 Which none, with a more graceful State, sustain'd
 And apter Splendor ; (Nature thus had bless'd,
 With her high Gifts, the Hero she caress'd)
 But not imperious. For 'twas temper'd so
 With such a Human Air, as only know
 Exalted Minds, is only understood
 But by the Great, the Wise, the Just, the Good ;
 And sway'd, so knowing well, what Duties owe
 In Station'd Office *they*, as *those* below,
 That none, Reason presiding, could complain
 Harsh were the needful Checks ; unjust, the Pain ;
 He sometimes gave. For, pond'ring well they
 knew

'Twas but, and never more than that, their Due.
 For, where he rul'd, *ASTRÆA* should prevail ;
 He threw the Weight, but she drew up the Scale.

SUCH

SUCH equal Distributions, thus his Care,
 Made nothing deem'd too cruel, too severe,
 And, under him, was by impartial Hand,
 Stranger to Fury, Discipline maintain'd;
 Without repining, due Obedience pay'd;
 'Twas so of Old, when God-like Virtue sway'd.

IN Heat of Action he preserv'd a Mind
 Still present, with consummate Judgment, join'd,
 For his high Courage, though immensely great,
 Was yet serenely calm; calm, and sedate;
 But, as the Danger rose, would gradual rise,
 As Thunders gather in the troubled Skies.
 And his Ambition, for his active Soul
 Ambition knew, swell'd not beyond Controul;
 'Twas patient, nor to Heights unjust would fly;
 'Twas patient, not ungovernably high.
 For when, through Party-turns, were others nam'd
 To those sublime Employ's his Merit claim'd;
 Conscious of that high Merit, till the State
 And Crown his Aid once more should want, he'd
 wait;

Once more, his faithful Services, require,
 And the High Charge to reassume desire.
 For his great Soul, to Godlike good inclin'd,
 Abhor'd those black Contagions of the Mind,
 Which some, (*Apollyons* of the World inrag'd)
 Plung'd by infernal Pride, have strong engag'd
 To strive, like Angels fall'n with restless Care,
 To sink the Ship, they steer not, through Despair.

His

HIS Speech in Public, when the time requir'd
 So rich in Sentiment, was all admir'd,
 Graceful, yet nervous ; pertinently great,
 And suiting well the Honour of his State,
 And Dignity of Station. What he spoke
 Fail'd not to move, Attention due, provoke,
 Through his extensive Knowledge of the Cause,
 Had its full Weight ; and, met its just Applause.

WHEN, in the most important Trusts of State,
 To serve his Prince, and Country, first his Fate ;
 In its full Zenith, and Meridian Height,
 Of Force and Strength, he found the *Gallic Fleet*,
 He found the *Fleurs des lis* of *France* to tower,
 And emulate the *British Rose* in Power ;
 But by his brave successful Service there,
 With those, his Counsel steer'd ; premov'd his Care ;
 He saw that dreadful Power, which then before
 Menac'd the World, faint on its native Shore ;
 Sunk down so low, 'twas despicable grown ;
 Shatter'd and broke ; and, to its self, unknown.

THEN 'twas, O TOURVILLE ! * that
 thou sawst expire,
 The *Gallic Rising Sun* †, in *British Fire*,
 C Strong

* *Monsieur Tourville* commanded the *French Fleet*, when the *Earl of Orford*, who had been made Commander in Chief of the *English Navy* in 1691, burnt their Ships, at *La Hague* the Year following.

† The Name of their Admiral's Ship.

Strong fervent Heat, melt down his golden & Beams,
And all th' *Armada* perish in the Flames.

BUT all the Glories, which our Hero won
Were by his matchless Modesty, out done.
For higher Styles, †† his Merits due, assign'd,
True to himself, full nobly, he declin'd.
Nor more could other Radiant ** Marks engage
Those, suiting not his Temper; *these*, his Age:
Their Splendors he, which others might surprize,
Undazzled view'd.— He look'd with Eagle's Eyes,
Such Virtues still, *Heroic* Minds attend,
While *Vulgar* Souls, restless, aspire t' ascend.
For there are *Vulgar* Souls of all Degrees,
From the *prime* ferment, to the *lowest* Lees;
Which little knowing in true Glory's Laws,
Court gaudy Grandeur, and care's Applause.
But Glory is a coy, capricious Dame;
And they, who wooe her, gain but seldom Fame:
While, after them, that fly her Face, she'll run,
For Glory those pursues, who Glory shun.

NOW

§ At the Stern of this Ship was carv'd a *Rising Sun*, which, it is said, was plated over with solid Gold.

†† His being made a Duke. ** The Order of the Garter. Both these were offer'd to him by the late King, and he gave the Reasons above for his Refusal. See Mr. *Hammond's* Character in the present State of the Republick of Letters p. 258.

NOW let us view our Hero in Retreat,
 Grand, as in Publick; in Retirement, great;
 For his retir'd, and private, Life had those
 Accomplish'd Virtues, which the State he chose
 Grav'd, and improv'd; Clos'd in a Villa sweet,
 Of his own forming, happy Mansion Seat!
 In peaceful Shades, his latest Days he pass'd,
 Where, as his first, Comportment great, the last
 Here, Leisure, he with Dignity enjoy'd;
 For Godlike Minds, with Pomp and Noise, are
 now cloy'd;
 And is the only, to be envied, State
 Of him, that's truly good; that's truly great;
 So, the said Souldier from the World retir'd;
 So, his last Breath, in rural Calms, expir'd.

ON this his grateful Part of later Life,
 Smooth, and serene; of Clamour void, and Strife,
 We could, in copious Strains of Praise, enlarge;
 We could, with joy, assume the pleasing Charge;
 As well, as his nice Sense of Honour's Laws:
 His strict Adherence, to *Astrea's* Cause,
 And firm Attachment, to the Church and State,
 As legal Constitutions make them great.
 But we, at present, void of pompous Phraze,
 And florid Numbers, shall atchieve his Praise,
 And draw, in this Description, short, but clear,
 The Symbol of his public Character.

In him **COLLIGNY**'s firm Religion shone,
COLLIGNY, by a trecherous Queen * undone,
BLAKE's Prowess, and Fidelity of Days,
 He amply shar'd, with Virtues, worthy Praise,
 Which, all *De Ryters* Portraits, strong display
 In the full Light of Glory's endless Day,
 Renown'd for Conduct, and his faithful Zeal,
 To serve his Country, and the Common Weal.

THIS ORFORD was. — **THIS** was the won-
 drous He —

But All *must* yield to Fate's supreme Decree:
 Such is the End of all sublun' Things,
 Of greatest Heroes, of the greatest Kings.
 The busy Sisters, still their Spindles turn;
 Still roll, our Lots, round the important Urn,
 Inexorable Death, sweeps all away;
 Blending *Patrician*, with *Plebeian* Clay.
 The Prince, the Peasant; Statesman, and the Slave
 Sleep, undistinguish'd, in th' impartial Grave.
 But — why should we, lament his Loss, below,
 Since Wreaths celestial crown his sacred Brow,
 For, though the outward Fabrick ruin'd lies,
 Th' immortal Essence triumphs in the Skies.

* *Collegium de Medicis.*



